



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

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No. 17.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Eleanor R—.

" O! she was rich in beauty and in virtue.."

SHAKESPEARE.

We all must at some period die. Thousands of instances daily tend to corroborate the fact. Those distinguished personages that lived but a few centuries previous, whose actions have been the theme of the eulogist and whose exertions have been for the good of mankind, where are they now? their bodies have long ere this, sunk into the "clod of the valley;" and although their mortal vestments are mouldering in the dust, yet their memory lives—their fame survives them.

Nothing perhaps, imparts more gloom to the imagination—than the recollection of some departed friend, who spent with us the days of youth in hilarity and mirth, partook in our social amusements, but upon whom when just entering the stage of usefulness, adversity cast a dismal frown and death laid his premature grasp.

Eleanor R—, the subject of the following brief sketch, was the daughter of William R—, a gentleman possessed of an independent fortune and a most generous soul. His sympathies were readily excited at the sufferings of the unfortunate; and he endeavoured to soften their distress and to alleviate their misfortunes. Possessing magnanimity, he could pardon with joy any wrongs that he received from an offending world:—gifted with a noble disposition, he was the delight of his friends; and having an acute sensibility and a bounteous hand, he was ever ready to afford assistance to the needy.

With such a father, Eleanor spent her juvenile days in the utmost harmony. Her parent showed towards her the greatest affection; and she repaid it with kindness and obedience. Early instructed in the ways of morality and

virtue, she could guard against the evil propensities of youth:—blest with the privilege of obtaining a good education, she enriched her mind with a fund of useful knowledge, so that her literary endowments, made her an ornament to her sex. How oft have I in my younger days delighted in hearing the smooth strains that fell from her "ruby lips"—in upholding the exquisite beauty of her features; and how oft have I seen her stop the festive sports which she held with her gay companions, at the call of charity. The air of Eleanor was ever graceful, her disposition amiable; and the simplicity of her dress—the loveliness of her form—the benignity of her aspect—and the ravishing melody of her voice, when she was only fourteen years of age, conspired to make her an object of admiration and respect.

Scarce had she reached her eighteenth year ere her hand was solicited by George C—, a young man of a prepossessing appearance and whose virtues had long been the theme of praise. Eleanor after consulting her own inclinations and those of her parent, did not think proper to decline the offer.

* * * * *

A short time after their union, George accompanied by his lovely consort, repaired to a rural mansion, which had once been his former abode and was a place well calculated for a life of ease and retirement.

* * *

Thus far, we have seen the subject of our sketch, blessed with the smiles of prosperity. We have beheld her in her juvenile days, basking in the affections of a loving parent; and when coming to maturity, her happiness consummated in the love of an endearing husband. But we must now reverse the picture. Eleanor was henceforth to stem the tide of adversity. Scarce had she lived three weeks in her new place of residence, before she heard of the death of her father. This was to her, the most distressing news. She immediately burst into a torrent of tears, and for many weeks afterwards appeared dejected and disconsolate. But it was not long, before

a fresh trouble and one of greater magnitude, if possible, than the preceding, began to prey upon her spirits, the health of George, towards whom she manifested such unusual fondness, was in a declining state. He was seized with a malady which was incurable and soon terminated fatally. Eleanor in great agony watched him in his dying moments; and saw his spirit gently leave its mortal vestment.

But after his demise, she was inconsolable. Her countenance no longer brightened with joy; and in the paroxysms of her grief, she would frequently exclaim in the poet's language—

"I'm left to fortune's most malignant hate,
To drag a weary life of bitterest woe."

To complete the tragedy—Eleanor was taken ill. Alas! She soon lay stretched on the bed of death; and oh! with what composure did she die. After bidding adieu to all earthly scenes, she reclined her head upon her pillow, when her soul gently winged its flight to the regions of immortality.

Of Eleanor, nothing can be said, but must redound to her praise; and although her body is sunk in the earth, yet her memory lives and will long survive her.

Her relics were, at first, deposited by the side of those of George; when shortly after, the remains of the unhappy pair were disinterred and reinterred in a sepulchre adjoining that of the father of Eleanor. GILBERT.

FROM THE ALBION.

The Monument.

A TRUTH.

It was in the autumn of the year 1821, on one of those evenings, so rich in parting beauty, when nature seems to make her last effort to leave on the soul a sweet and soothing impression, which shall dwell on our memory when the blasts of winter howl fearfully around our dwellings. It was on such an evening that I was solicited by a friend, to accompany him to a quiet village on the borders of Lincolnshire—we rode along the banks of the winding Trent, a river almost unequalled in majestic beauty, by any in this Island—the dark woods, with their variegated foliage and mingled lights and shadows, were stretched by its side, and beyond rose the woods of Yorkshire, forming a sublime feature in the setting sun.—It was an evening ever to be remembered—my friend had just lost a darling child—not many days before we had stood on the brink of the grave together, and heard these words at once so touching and solemn. "Dust to dust. Ashes to ashes;" his heart was softened by the recollection of such an evening as this—and mine almost rejoiced that the little flower was removed from this perishing earth, to bloom in paradise, before sin or sorrow had tainted and withered its sweet odour. We rode on in silence, till the village church with its simple spire presented itself to our view—as we ap-

proached it more nearly, I was struck with the air of quietness that reigned about it, there was a stillness of repose, a sabbath feeling impressed on every object—we lifted up the latch of a small wicker gate, and walked through the church yard, without meeting the form or hearing the voice of any human being. My friend awoke me from a reverie—"It is the monument I wish you to see," he observed, and at that moment, the woman whose office it was to attend strangers thro' the church, made her appearance—she turned she key gently in the door, as we passed into the portal and with a look of reverence for the place, which seemed to say, "Tread softly," we followed her movements, which were immediately directed to the object in question, as if the monument was the only attraction of the building. As we approached it, she entered the iron railing by which it was enclosed, and taking from her pocket a fair linen cloth, she tenderly wiped away a little dust that rested on the folds of the drapey. "She is an noble lady," Madam, she observed turning to me, "you may travel far and wide, and never see her equal, many a one has come here from foreign parts to look upon this Monument." "Who is she, I knew her well;" she turned away, as if ashamed to weep before a piece of marble. It was a lovely portrait, which seemed to tell a story of deep interest—sorrow had touched, not spoiled the features, and gently bent, not bowed the form, one hand was raised to the head, and seemed softly resting on the flowing hair that partially shaded the eyes, and in the disposal of which the artist had shown inimitable grace; at the feet lay a greyhound exquisitely chiselled—it was a touching picture, and the silence of the place, the last beams of a setting sun, the bell which just then began to toll, and seemed to unite in a mournful contrast, yet in beautiful harmony. The light from heaven, so rich, so glowing, so animated, shedding its golden rays on the pale statue, the sounds at intervals which in broken cadence bespoke another gone to rest, the union of life and death, the power that warms and animates, that which chills and destroys—all seemed to speak to my heart—and *what* and *who* was she? I inquired of my friend, who thus so strangely interests me—"May you never be as she was, Madam," was the reply of our guide—"for her heart was broken." I asked no more, for mine, if not broken, felt at that moment chilled, and as we retired through the little door of the chancel, my eye was arrested by that interesting plant, the rose-mary, that "sweet scented flower," which the pen of one of our poets has so immortalized; our attendant raised a branch and looked at it, as if it were a darling child—it was indeed her own, for it was her office to tend it; to water it, and shelter it from the summer's heat, and winter's storm. There was something new and strange to me in all that I had seen and heard, and the feeling that dwelt on my mind was a

predilection, that I had yet more to hear. My friend drew out his purse, and giving the guide a piece of money for her attendance, we were about to ascend the carriage, when one of the servants informed us that a wheel was broken, and that we must wait till it should be repaired.—And now I remarked, it will be the best time to have the story of the monument, pray tell it me. We seated ourselves in the porch of the church, and my kind friend complied with my request. “The Lady,” he observed, “whose portrait you have just seen, was one of peerless character, and that high tone of dignity, which you perceive in the countenance was one of the most striking features of her mind, but she was singularly unfortunate, all that she had loved changed, and after enduring with heroine firmness these trials, her tender frame sunk under feminine weakness, she died seven years ago in a foreign land, and was brought to the spot you have seen, there to rest in peace. Her mind richly cultivated, her heart full of the tenderest affections, she thought she had found one, on whom to lavish the fine stores of the one; and in whom to confide the sacred sweetness of the other. Mr. ——— was the friend of her father, so far as friendship can exist between the old and the young; he was a member of one of our universities, had highly distinguished himself there, and in private life was alike fascinating to the grave and the gay, for he had learned to weep with those that wept, and to rejoice with those who did rejoice. He sought and he won her, and the day approached on which they were to be united beyond the power of any separation, but that which the mighty emperor of all can cause. The presence of a sister was only wanting, to complete the happiness of a destined bride. She was the co-heiress of her father’s splendid estates, and what was far better the sharer of MARY’S love, and she brought from a foreign land the graces and the gaiety, which an English education, in all other things far superior, failed to impart. It had been one of the few caprices of Sir ——— to experimentalize in the education of these his two only children; the one serious, reflecting, pensive, and tender, firm, yet flexible, quiet, and at the same time enthusiastic—the other gay and light hearted, the creature of impulse, warm and affectionate, whose countenance showed all that passed within and who had nothing to conceal, fearless and regardless of the future, obeying her own will, but readily turning to the will of others—presented a striking contrast to the Englishman, with whom she stood in near kindred, but whose peace she was, innocently indeed, destined to destroy. It is in vain that we attempt to account for those caprices in the human mind, of which every day’s observation affords us melancholy proof; they have been alike the theme of poets, philosophers, moralists and divines, yet the secret remains inexplicable. Mr. ——— could not

have found a single fault in the object of his voluntary selection, for she was all that the heart could wish or the eye look for in woman; yet the brow over which in her presence no cloud had ever passed, suddenly, became clouded, the eye which her beautiful mind had constantly lighted up with a delightful beam, no longer expressed its wonted satisfaction, and the hand which had always been so kindly, readily and tenderly extended at her approach, now seemed chilled by a sudden torpor. She was too virtuous to suspect, or too high minded to complain, and the preparations for that day, which was to decide her destinies, remained uninterrupted, as if the sun of hope and happiness had still beamed upon her, yet there *might* be, doubtless there were moments, when an indescribable feeling of something like disappointment reminded her of the imperfection of all that was human.—And where during this period was her sister? the admired, the gay and the happy, and unsuspectingly the object of sympathies and affections, which her innocent yet careless nature would have revolted even from the thought of awakening. It was on the eve of Mary’s marriage that she was summoned to meet her affianced husband. Alone, pale and wretched, his arm rested on the chimney-piece, his eye fixed with an expression of peculiar misery on the portrait of that excellent being he was about to abandon forever. He scarcely turned his head, when the innocent victim of his unmanly caprice, gently entered the apartment, it was a fearful moment, and her impending doom, struck on her heart, as she slowly raised her eyes kindly to the countenance of one with whom she had taken sweet counsel, and walked indeed as a friend. In a few broken words he explained to her the whole of his cruel meaning: she was deserted! and for whom? *her sister*, and she could have adopted the language of him who said, ‘if it had been mine enemy that had done me this dishonour, then I could have borne it,’ a common mind might so have felt, *hers* was *not* one, and all the words she uttered, while she turned from him, were ‘you shall be made happy,’ and she then (for a few moments only) sought that solitude and darkness which could not reveal the deep anguish of her heart. In a moment the hope of her life had disappeared, in a moment life itself seemed to be annihilated but she summoned all her fortitude, it was desperate courage with which she summoned her rival sister to her apartment.

“Like twin roses they had bloomed on the same stem, one had been transplanted indeed to a foreign country, but brought back to its native soil, to blight the fairest buds, the sweetest odours of its sister flower. What passed during that interview can never now be known, but enough to convince the poor forsaken, that the favoured object would not be unpropitious to her lover’s hopes. And

now she descended slowly to the apartment of her father, at the sight of him whose chief pride and delight she had so long been, her assumed strength failed her, she rested on his fond bosom her beating head, and told him in a few short sentences, that the projected union was over, that her sister had consented to be the wife of his friend. There is a peculiar species of pride in all which bears the name of aristocracy that cannot stoop to that which seems humiliation, however miscalculating the views may be on subjects connected with individual happiness, and the old man was brought with much difficulty, to consent to an arrangement which was to consign to misery his darling child. The day arrived, she dressed herself in the choicest manner to witness the sacrifice, she listened to the touching, tender, solemn words by which the friend of her soul was irrevocably bound to another; she stood at the altar, pale and trembling, but yet she did not yield to her emotion. She folded for the last time her sister to her heart, she approached for the last time him in whose presence life itself had alone been life, and only saying 'I said you should be blessed,' she disappeared. The bells rung, the bright train, a splendid and joyous one, returned to the paternal mansion, but Mary was not there, and days, months, and years glided on, and she was seen no more. If the old man, her father were acquainted with the place of her retreat he concealed it.—Her portrait was covered (and no one knew by whom) with a veil that concealed the features, but there was an expression in the countenance of her living sire, that told you he had lost his child. He drooped, and died, and all connected with the past seemed gradually to die also. But where were the married pair, and did the world which held out the promise to their view fulfil it in their lives? They were not happy, like our first parents when they had tasted the forbidden fruit their hearts were filled with mutual reproaches; they had a son too, one only child who seemed born to upbraid them, for he brought into the world the soft, sweet features of his poor forsaken aunt, and as he grew a wayward and a melancholy child, following the moods of his wild infant fancy, there were times when he would turn upon his parents an eye that seemed to penetrate the hidden mystery, and he would turn aside the veil from the portrait, hold it with rapture to his lips, and eagerly ask why that sweet face should wear a cover? Oh, these were agonizing moments, when the mother sunk under the weight of her anguish, and the father dared not interrogate his heart. And then a stranger arrived at their mansion who brought a letter of recommendation from a distant friend, he had been travelling in foreign climes for the recovery of his health; he had touched at the south of France, and at the habitation of the Cure in the province of —

he had taken up his abode; he often looked with delight on the countenance of the little boy, and spoke of one whom he resembled, but whom he never named except by the title of the 'English-woman,' when he often added with a half suppressed sigh, 'I shall see her no more.' This more than once repeated and with peculiar emotion excited the curiosity of his host; and then a vague, wild, indefinable feeling, struggled at his heart; one day he followed his guest into the woods, and meeting him suddenly awoke, as from a reverie, and said, 'I wish to hear something of the English-woman, you have roused my interest, will you describe her?' 'I am not acquainted with her name, was the reply; I met her only at the house of my friend the Cure, with whom she is most intimate, but I was not introduced except to Mademoiselle, she has no other title; but what of her? All that is bright must fade, and she is dying, there is some melancholy mystery hangs over her, she is the softened image of your own dear boy, but ask me no more;' he turned away and left his host still suspecting, still unsatisfied; and now his home became a scene of wretchedness, and he determined to quit it; he took with him his child and his feet appeared mechanically to lead him to a foreign land, to the country of the 'English-woman', to the same province and village of her residence; why he was thus led he did not inquire, perhaps it was an inquiry he could not bear. He reached the village late in the evening, and taking his little one in his hand he knocked softly at the residence of the Cure. He was not at home, he was gone to administer the rites of the protestant church to a dying friend, a lady, who inhabited a cottage hard by, was the answer. The servant who made this reply, looked earnestly and with a melancholy expression, on the countenance of the little boy; and as he retired from the garden, she gathered from the clustering vine that concealed the windows, a rich bunch of Troutagnac grape, and putting it into his hand she laid her own on his head and blessed him with peculiar fervency—'but yonder' she observed, 'in the valley is the cottage, it is only a little way from this,' and the stranger to whom she addressed herself could only slip into her hand a piece of money, he could not speak, wretched forebodings visited his heart, which he felt would never more vibrate to the sound of cheerfulness or hope; he hurried his pace whilst he more fondly grasped the hand of his child, he approached the cottage, a woman who seemed to anticipate his inquiries, appeared at the door; she was from his own country, and her wan face was for a moment lighted up, when he addressed her in English, and inquired for Monsieur le Cure. 'I know not that you can see him,' she said, 'but step in if you please, and I will make the inquiry. My poor Lady (and here she paused) is, I fear, dying, and he is engaged reading and praying

with her.' The young woman retired, and Mr. ——— surveyed with an eye of deep interest the apartment. There were several books stretched on the table, and he might perhaps by examining them, have arrived at the agonizing truth which he sought; he could not, however, violate the sanctity of that place, which might belong to one, who was once, nay, might perhaps at that moment, be dear to him as his own soul. Whilst he was plunged in bitter thought the door was gently opened, and the mild, prepossessing, dignified, figure of the Cure presented itself; he spoke to Mr. ——— in a faltering tone of voice, for he was soon to lose that friend, who for a long time constituted a chief part of his own enjoyment, and that of his family. The Englishman hesitatingly broke the silence, and in a hurried language endeavored to explain the motives for his intrusion, and his suspicions that the Lady then suffering was a connexion of his own. 'With her real name I am unacquainted, and with the particulars of her life, but I have reason for supposing she has been unfortunate; she is truly excellent, the world has nothing better, and her it must soon lose.' He turned, and looked at the little boy, his eye seemed at once to recognize the resemblance, and drawing from his pocket a small case enclosing a portrait, 'Have you ever,' he inquired of Mr. ———, 'seen the original of that? but she is faded now;' he stopped, for the countenance of the Englishman grew deadly pale.

"The portrait had once been his own, it was returned with other sad mementoes on the eve of his marriage; and the little boy, seizing it from the almost palsied hand of his father, exclaimed—'It is the sweet Lady who wears a veil at home.' 'Would you convey one word from me to your dying friend?' asked the Englishman in an entreating tone, 'if you would ease my heart of half its load, you will I am sure comply.' He took a pen and wrote one line, and in a few minutes the Cure returned with the permission of the invalid that he might see her: he took his child by the hand, and with such a step as none can understand but those who have trod softly in the bitterness of their souls, he entered the apartment; Mary, the object of his early choice, his early vows, deceived, forsaken, was dying in a foreign land; and he led to her couch, where he knelt to entreat her forgiveness, his child, the child too, of her sister; double bereavement, destitute, deprived of all that she held most dear, how she folded that child to her bosom, how she wept upon his soft cheek, and how she exhausted her poor remaining strength in praying heaven to bless him. She looked too on his father, mildly, forgivingly, lovingly, for now it was no crime to love; she was about to enter upon a world of spirits, and the faded hand chilled by the dew of death, which hung over the couch was grasped in that which was once to have been her own,

and was she not dearer in the sanctity of a dying hour, blighted, seared, withered, than in the brilliant hours of early youth, and opening beauty? He who had once felt her attractions before the cruel tempest came over her soul, felt them *far more deeply*, and he knew that the world could never be what it had once been. Her hours on earth were few, and as she folded the child of her sister to her breast she made but one short and simple request, 'that a rosemary might be planted at the door of that church near to her family mansion and that it might be cherished for her sake'—she died—and her lover, friend, and brother, endearing titles all comprehended in the same being, and all fatally dishonored, conveyed her ashes to England.—The splendid procession wound through the village path, the young paused to gaze, the aged stood to weep; that monument—unasked, unwished by her—was erected to her memory; and he who placed it there soon followed her to her early grave." The story was finished, I could not thank the speaker, but I gathered from the rosemary one precious flower which I watered with my tears, and withdrew. It was an evening I shall never forget.

MARIA BENSON.

Hammersmith House, Middlesex, July 4th.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Robert Fulton.

A celebrated civil engineer, was born in the town of Little-Britain, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father died when he was only three years of age. After receiving an English education, he was placed with a Jeweller in Lancaster, with the intention of acquiring the trade. This pursuit however did not prevent him from cultivating and exercising his talent for painting which he afterwards pursued with great success. With the advice of his numerous friends, he made a visit to London, and placed himself under the direction of Mr. West: he immediately became an inmate of that gentleman's house, and very soon, his companion and friend. The friendship thus formed, subsisted unabated until the death of Fulton.

For some years after leaving the family of Mr. West, he employed himself as a painter. He did not however feel himself entirely satisfied with his progress in the art, and was, at length, wholly withdrawn from its further cultivation, by his ruling taste for the mechanic arts.

As early as the year 1793, he brought forward his project of propelling boats by steam, with much confidence; and in September following, he communicated his ideas on steam navigation to Lord Stanhope, who acknowledged it by letter, dated October 1794.

In 1794, the British government granted him patents for a double inclined plane, to be used in transportation; for a machine for spinning flax; and another for making ropes, &c. &c.

In the year 1796, he submitted to the British board of agriculture, a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, which was favourably received, and for which he received a patent in the year 1797. He then went to France, with a view to introduce it into that country.

In 1798, pursuing this interesting subject with great zeal, he published a series of letters, addressed to earl Stanhope, in which he clearly exhibits the advantages to nations arising from canals and home improvements generally, simple taxation, and free trade.

On his arrival at Paris, a friendship commenced between him and Joel Barlow, which ended only with their lives. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton took up his residence at the hotel of the former, where he continued to remain during seven years. In this time he studied the high mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective. He also acquired the French, Italian, and German languages.

Barlow, about this time, was preparing for the press his elegant edition of the Columbiad, which he afterwards dedicated in terms of glowing affection to Fulton. The splendid plates which adorn this work, were executed under the superintendence of Fulton.

In December, 1797, he made his first experiment on sub-marine explosion on the river Seine, in company with Barlow.

In December, 1806, he returned to New-York, and immediately re-commenced his experiment on sub-marine war. He also directed his attention to steam navigation.

After several successful experiments, he published, in 1810, his interesting work, entitled, "Torpedo War," which contains a full account and clear explanation of his system.

At the earnest solicitation of the Honorable R. R. Livingston, who had pointed out to him the incalculable advantages which would arise out of a perfect system of steam navigation, had the desired effect of arousing the energies of his genius to a subject which he had not bestowed much attention upon since the year 1793.

After his return to the United States in 1806, he and Mr. Livingston commenced building a steam-boat called the "Clermont," which afterwards navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles per hour. From this memorable era in the life of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigating by steam continued to advance towards perfection, and the last boat built under his direction was better than any that had preceded it.

It is but justice to remark in this place, that the first idea which had gone abroad of joining the western lakes and the Atlantic ocean by canals, originated with Mr. Fulton, and was

promulgated by him in answer to a letter of the secretary of war in 1807. He afterwards in 1808, in reply to several queries proposed to him by Mr. Gallatin, then secretary of the treasury, with regard to public roads and canals, he goes at large into the subject, displaying a great fund of knowledge and the most enlightened and comprehensive views.

On the breaking out of the late war he again turned his attention to his favourite project of sub-marine warfare, and after various successful experiments, obtained, in 1813, a patent for a "sub-marine battery."

It was from his sub-marine battery that he conceived the plan of the "steam man of war."

This invention was readily patronized by government, and in March, 1814, a law was passed to build one; the cost estimated at \$320 000. He was appointed the engineer, and in little more than four months from the laying of the keel, she was launched at New-York under the name of *Fulton the first*. Since her equipment she is allowed to be the most formidable engine for warfare that human ingenuity has ever contrived.

The last work on which he was engaged was a modification of his sub-marine boat; her model was approved, and he had received the sanction of the executive to construct one at New-York, but unfortunately his country had to lament his death before he had completed it. He terminated his valuable life on the 24th February, 1815, a martyr to his efforts in the cause of science.

Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well proportioned and well formed. His features were strong, and of manly beauty.

In all his domestic and social relations, he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money, but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the sciences. At the time of his death he was a member of the principal literary and scientific societies in the United States.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

A pair of pockets.—No prince was more addressed than Charles II.; but the very people who sent these generous, nay, extravagant offers, scarcely allowed him the necessary supplies. Killigrew gave private orders to the King's tailor to make one of his majesty's coat-pockets of an enormous size, and the other scarcely larger than a thimble. The king being informed that this was done at the desire of Killigrew, asked him the reason. "May it please your majesty," replied the wag, "the large pocket is to receive the addresses and professions of your subjects; and the other is to put the money in, which they present you with."

Accommodation for three half-pence.—A gentleman, on a wet evening, entered the bar of an Inn, and while standing before the fire, called to a servant girl, who came to receive his orders.—“Margaret bring me a glass of ale, a clean pipe, a pittoon, a candle, a pair of snuffers, and a newspaper. And Margaret take away my great coat into the kitchen, and hang it before the fire to dry, and dry my umbrella, tell me what o'clock it is, and if Mr. Christopher-son should come in, request him to come this way, for I think it is near seven, and he promised to meet me at that hour. And Margaret, get me change for a sovereign, see that all the change is good, take pay out of it, and wrap the copper in a piece of paper; and Margaret, tell Jemima to bring some more coals, take away the ashes and wipe the table. And, Margaret, pull down that blind, shut the door, and put to the window-shutters!” N. B. The gentleman had his own tobacco in his pocket.

A Fair Offer.—A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them, that if they went to church, they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work, upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that, if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend like wise at the methodist chapel in the evening.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829.

Albany Times and Literary Writer.—This is a periodical recently started in the city of Albany, which, though the capital of this large and flourishing state, has never been famous for its encouragement of literature. Judging from the two first numbers of this paper, we feel confident it will at least merit success, and hope it will not be suffered to die for want of patronage. It is published weekly at No. 44 Dean St. by W. C. Little.—Terms *Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.*

The Mirror, or Juvenile Tales.—This book is highly spoken of in the “Ladies’ Magazine,” as being “adapted to our public institutions, habits and modes of thinking.” “The author,” says Mrs. Hale, “evidently enters, as a writer should do, with enthusiasm on her subject—she feels, and writes like an American,—and her efforts will undoubtedly do good. Not merely possess the negative virtue of keeping children from idleness—they will make them better, wiser, happier.” Not having seen the above-named little work, we have quoted the foregoing remarks, for the purpose of introducing a paragraph from it, with which, we were particularly pleased; and which we think with Mrs. Hale, “many parents as well as children would do well to remember.”

“I think it the duty of all parents, and especially of American parents, particularly to discourage in their children, every thing like an undue reverence for family, fashion, fortune or extravagance; and to teach them, that all persons are proper associates for them, who are amiable, intelligent, and of good manners. After all, the only *real* distinction is that of *superiority of mind*; and by that, men have raised themselves from the very

lowest, to the very highest stations. Dr. Franklin’s father was a soap-boiler, and Franklin himself, was for many years, a poor journeyman printer. Benjamin West, one of the best painters of his time, and long President of the Royal Academy, was the son of a farmer, and worked on the farm with his own hands.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. J. is informed that we are under the necessity, however reluctantly, of rejecting his communication, regretting at the same time that our neglecting to *say so* before, has been the means of subjecting him to the trouble and expense of transcribing and forwarding it again. We presume he is a young writer, and would advise him to practice the reading of good authors, by which, he may learn the proper use of words, and attend more strictly to his orthography, until his judgment shall become more mature, when we shall be glad to number him among our correspondents.

Zana is received and is also rejected—lengthy poetical articles should possess sterling merit.

We have received something intended for poetry signed D. R. from which, as a fair specimen, we select the following touching lines:—

Even now when even hope is fled,
My heart still throbs,
When my thoughts to thee are led,
Yet they are but sighs and sobs.

Edward’s piece is inadmissible.

The story of E. W. B. is tolerably interesting, and calculated to subserve the cause of virtue; but he is not sufficiently skilled in composition, to write for the press.

The communications of T. T. have come safe to hand—the first we decline publishing—the other being rather illegible, we have not had time to examine; but shall endeavour to do so, in time to give it a place in our next paper, should it meet our approbation.

We had determined to leave unnoticed such communications as were deemed unfit for publication; but finding that a contrary course was expected by some of our correspondents, we have thus far, deviated from our general practice—hereafter, however, pieces considered unworthy of insertion will be passed over in silence, others will be attended to, as nearly as possible, in the order in which they shall be received.

HUDSON FORUM,

Will meet at the Court-House, on Wednesday Evening, the 23th of January, at 7 o’clock, and discuss the following question.—“*Ought a representative to be governed by the will of his Constituents?*”

MARRIED,

At Catskill, on the 15th ult. at the residence of Jacob Van Ness, Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Edward Shook, of the firm of Traver & Shook, merchants of Upper Red-Hook, Dutchess county, to Miss Catherine, daughter of Henry Lyle, Esq. of the latter place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 1st inst. Sally Webster, daughter of Gershom Webster, aged 30 years.

On the 2d inst. an infant daughter of Chauncey Derby.

At Claverack, (Smokey Hollow) on the 19th of November last, Mr. Stephen Ranney, son of Col. Reuben Ranney—of this city, aged 37 years and 4 days. His death was occasioned by a cart wheel passing directly over his head and temple, he has left a wife and two small children to deplore his untimely fate.

At the Hermitage, in Tennessee, on the 22d ult. Mrs. Rachel Jackson, consort of Gen. Andrew Jackson.

In Lansing, Tompkins co. Mr. Ephraim Bloom, aged 100 years, a soldier of the revolution.

In Lenox, Madison co. Charles Korn, aged 76. a revolutionary patriot.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO CORNELIA.

Suggested by reading her piece entitled "Say unto the righteous, all shall be well with him."

We joy, that things of earth
Do not engross thy mind—
We joy, that blest Religion
An able champion finds.
Still strike thy harp in Jesus' praise,
Still let thy muse inspire us;
For, when we drink thy sacred lays,
No earthly passions fire us.
And when, on earth no longer,
Thy soul is doomed to dwell;
May guardian angels bear thee
To Heaven—where all is well!

CLARISSA.

FROM THE LEGENDARY.
BURIAL AT SEA.

BY S. C. GOODRICH.

The shore hath blent with distant skies,
O'er the bend of the crested seas,
And the gallant ship in her pathway flies,
On the sweep of the freshened breeze.
Oh! swift be thy flight, for a dying guest,
Thou bearest o'er the billow,
And she fondly sighs in her own blue West
To find a peaceful pillow.
'Tis vain!—for her pulse is silent now,
Her lip hath lost its breath,
And a strange sad beauty on her brow,
Speaks the cold stroke of death.
The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the lovely form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.
The corse floats down alone—alone,
To its dark and dreary grave.
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown
To the world beyond the wave.
'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep
Alone in a silent bed—
'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
Of a spirit world to tread.
But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves,
To the weary pilgrim given,
And the soul is blest on the peaceful waves
Of the star-lit deep of heaven.

* * * * *

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge,
Like a winged arrow flies,
And the moan of the sea, is the only dirge
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

FROM THE LONDON FORGET-ME-NOT.
IMPROMPTU ON WASTE.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

Oh! waste not thou the smallest thing
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atoms infinity.

Waste thou not then the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity,
For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.

FROM THE TIMES AND LITERARY WRITER.
LINES

Written on the Death of J. G. C. Brainard.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The turf is on thee, Brainard!
Thy human life is done;
We do not meet thy pleasant eye,
We feel that thou art gone!
'Tis hard to give thee up, so young,
With that yet joyous glance,
Like one who hath been summon'd
With a whisper from the dance.
The world thy praise hath spoken,
But that is nothing now—
It will not lift the leaden hand
That layeth on the brow.
Oh how it seemeth idle
To talk about the dead,
When praise availeth only,
To tell us they are fled!
How can we stand above the grave,
And feel that thou art there?
The warm and breathing form we lov'd,
Shut from the blessed air?
The moving lip we stay'd to hear—
The gentle, thoughtful eye—
Left in that close, unsunn'd abode
To perish silently!
Oh plant his grave with many flowers,
And go to it sometimes,
And talk of him as if he heard,
And sing his pleasant rhymes—
It may be true that he is there
With his keen spirit-ear,
And it must be a joy to know
He's not forgotten here.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Hats.

PUZZLE II.—The letter is E.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a man who gives up importunity for favours
like a monarch who abdicates the throne?

II.

Why is a lean monarch constantly worrying himself?

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